

[24/06/06][18:05:15] -

Title: Kos Heb - The rozen Wastelands

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After a long day of sailing, I found the temperatures dropping, and a cold, hard breeze blowing off the sea north of Minoc. My tillerman expertly navigated the narrow channel, bringing us to the mouth of a cave. From the darknes beyond came a cold breeze that tore through my ringmail like an icy scythe. I wrapped my old healer's robe around me, and trudged onward, to the intrepid adventurers near the mouth of the cave. I was met with hails and scarce words. Mages, warriors and archers all huddled around the available campfire. Evil sounds howled within the cave. "The cave of Ice, passageway to the lost lands of Kos Heb.." I thought to myself, having seen the spot on many a sea chart detailing the Minoc area. Once, I had sailed into Kos Heb from the sea, but I never set foot onto the frozen tundra. "Aye." Said the horseback mage, who appeared to be the leader of the improvised party. "But inside lurketh

fearsome ice and snow elementals, and I can nae summon po'erful beings against them fer the efforts o' the ratmen mages in thar." he sat with a puzzled look, and the archer spoke up.

"Yes, and we can barely scratch these ice elementals with all those beasts wailing away at us w' powerful magic.. we already lost a few warriors, and plan not to lose more. " At that, the large barbarian, halberd in hand, stood up. "She is right." He rumbled. "We lost three. My friend Koros, his brother Wealog the Cleric, and one of the warlocks."

"Aye." The archer consented. I looked around. "We came so that we might have the fortune that can be found by slaying the creatures inside, some of which are known to carry the rare glacial staffs." I frowned, for two reasons.

First of all, I had never needed such an expensive item in all my years as a ranger. Secondly, the staffs were very rare, a skilled adventurer could spend days in the cave without producing a staff.

But these people were poor, and were entralled by the possibility of instant wealth. "Will you help us?" the mage said. "We need all the help we can get."

"Certainly." I replied, not thinking better of it. I would later wish

I had, but who's to say
it wouldn't have
happened as it did
without me?

"Wonderful." Said the
mage. "There are
three ice elementals
and a number of
ratmen mages
crowding the
entrance. We'll take
the ice elies first,
because they are
killing our warriors."

"No. " I said. "We'll
take the ratmages
first so that you
might summon us
some powerful
elemental beings to
fight on our behalf."

"A good idea." The
mage said. "Charge!" I
grabbed his sleeve.

"Wait, wait.." I began.
"You're a sitting duck
to those ice elementals.

We shall go in first,
the barbarian and I,
followed closely by
the healer to keep us
alive, then the girl
will lay down some
cover fire as you come
in and cast a few
powerful magic spells
on the ratmen, ending
the fight. Then we
retreat back to here
to meditate and heal.
Understood."

"Aye.." Said the girl.

"Aye." Said the
barbarian. "Indeed."
said the healer. "Oh
very well then!" The
mage laughed. "You
pitiful warriors plan
all you want. My
magic will end those
rat's lives before
long."

I went in, the
darkness engulfing
me. Before I could
adjust my eyes, an
arm of solid ice
smashed into my

shield. The halberd was swung just over my head, and crashed into the ice, sending a spray of slush around. The incredible cold was painful, but nothing compared to the awesomly hard fists of the beast. Yet, we stood strong, pushing the beast back into the rats, which began casting powerful spells on us. Amid the flames and explosions, th healer would gently touch us, sealing the wounds, soothing the burns.

We yelled for the archer, and soon a deadly rain of arrows distracted the rats, which turned to thier new prey. A fist arose, and I was knocked to the snow. I looked around at the array of frozen corpses. Men, rats, elementals, and all manner of beast were perfectly preserved in the walls and even the ceilings. I stopped my morbid fascination just in time to dodge a crushing foot sent down upon me. Two pilliars of flame arose, and the ratmen dropped dead, burning and filled with arrows. "Fall back!" I yelled, as the barbarian and I had already suffered enough. But the mage was already summoning a deamon from the pit. "Let him finish this spell, ranger." The barbarian belted, smashing that dreadful halberd into

the face of the ice
being. I fixed my
feet into the ground.
"He's going to get us
killed..." I said. "He's
going to get us rich."

The barbarian replied.

Suddenly the ground
sprung open, and a
deamon arose, as a
mental battle raged on
between him and the
mage. Soon, though,
the mage had forced
the deamon to do his
bidding, and the
massive broadsword
rending the ice
elementals signaled
our retreat. But the
mage and the girl were
already headed deeper
into the cave. We ran
after them, away
from the deemonic
howls. Suddenly, the
mage vanished, and
the girl fled past us. I
found a black potion in
my bag and drank it.

As the light came to
my eyes I saw a
horrific arctic ogre
lord bearing down on
me, enraged! I let loose
a volley of arrows,
retreating as I fired..

Then, a horrible
noise, of metal
grinding, arose behind
the beast. A pillar of
blades arose from the
ground, and began to
tear into the fiend.

The mage laughed
evil as the fiend
turned to face the new
threat. I sent arrows
into the beast, for he
had nearly crushed
the blade spirit. The
mage, also seeing this,
summoned up another,
but this one turned on
him. As we watched,
his body was reduced
to a bloody pulp that
quickly froze on the

ice. We bolted, past
the battle, outside into
the Lost Lands. As we
gathered our senses, a
pile of snow arose,
and a pillar of flame
engulfed the archer
girl. She tried to run,
but the wounds were
too much, and her
running kept her
away from the
healer's touch. I knew
the danger as she
died, and the others
paniced. "We're
getting out of here." I
said. "Back in the
cave." "NO!" the
barbarian burst out.
"THAT THING is still
in there..." he never
finished his sentence,
as a horrible frost
troll drove a giant axe
between the man's
shoulderblades. The
next swing of the axe
sliced my shield in
half, but the healer
had stuck the beast to
the ground with
*the journal ends here,
blood staining it*